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The Undergraduate.

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THE NINETY FIFTH COMMENCEMENT.

Sunday, June 23, saw a large audience at the Congregational church to hear the baccalaureate sermon by President Brainerd. Rev. A. W. Dickens assisted in the service, and Mrs. G. D. Miner and a double quartette rendered most of the music. President Brainerd's address and remarks to the Senior class were as follows:

Psalm 127 : 2. It is vain for you that ye rise up early and so late take rest, and eat the bread of toil: for so he giveth unto his beloved in sleep.

In the last clause I have followed the reading preferred by modern scholarship. The older translation: "he giveth his beloved sleep", expresses a beautiful thought and has suggested one of Mrs. Browning's finest poems. The sentiment is none the less true, though it lack the authority of this particular text. Other passages of Scripture speak of the rest and peace that God grants to his people.

The new rendering brings the clause into better accord with what precedes. The title of the psalm ascribes its authorship to Solomon. He was engaged in building his splendid temple and in maintaining the peace and prosperity of the great city which David had established. The psalm is a devout recognition of the truth, that nothing prospers without God's blessing. It begins thus: "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you that ye rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of toil: for so he giveth unto his beloved in sleep".

The lesson that I deduce from the text is this: that some of the best things in life are not to be gotten by striving for them, but are God's free gift to his beloved

This, I know, is not the doctrine commonly taught. We are frequently told that the prizes of life are to be won only by persevering and earnest effort The man who seeks after wealth must persistently practice industry and frugality. The scholar who would master any science must give his days and nights to study. The artist who is ambitious to excel must devote himself to his chosen art with unwearied enthusiasm. All this is true; to secure these worldly prizes we must strive for them, keeping the eye ever fixed on the goal of our ambition. Yet even here we must not forget our dependence upon God's blessing. Man is not altogether the architect of his own fortune.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them as we will".

Human life is surrounded by so many dangers and uncertainties, that our best endeavors are but ventures sent out upon stormy seas to strange and hostile ports. Determined effort will not ensure our success, unless a kind Providence watch over us and guard us from unseen perils.

This, however, is not the particular truth that I wish to emphasize today Beside the good things of life that we may achieve by effort under God's blessing, there are other and better things, which must come to us unsought, if they come at all, as the gift of God to those who have learned to love and serve Him.

I. *Happiness* is one thing that is not to be had by striving for it. Though what men as a rule most desire, it will not come on demand. Money cannot buy it; social position cannot secure it; learning cannot bring it. It is rather the sweet benediction of God, which falls upon those who are living as he would have them live. It is the result of our conforming to the eternal laws of righteousness, which are also the laws of our highest well-being. On the contrary, unhappiness arises not so much from external conditions

as from some discord within. Some selfish purpose has control of the will, our trust in God is too feeble, we are not earnest enough in life's work. In this matter it is with the mind as it is with the body. If I experience physical pain or uneasiness I conclude that something is wrong. Hunger, lack of sleep, an attack of fever,—some abnormal condition has caused the disturbance. So in the affairs of the soul unhappiness means that something is out of order in the spiritual mechanism. The faculties of mind or heart are not acting as they ought to. For a benevolent God has so made us that there is joy in conscious existence, when its activity is such as He intended it to be.

This truth may be made apparent by looking at it from several different standpoints. Look at it from the standpoint of conscience. There is nothing that contributes more to peace of mind than an approving conscience; and nothing that more disturbs our peace of mind than an accusing conscience. Even the feeling that one has made a mistake in what he has been doing is vexatious. If he has done it to another's injury, if he has done it when he knew better,—shame and chagrin are added to the vexation. Men do not always give a right account of their sadness and disquietude of mind, or it would be oftener found to have resulted from *moral* failures. The sunshine of the soul vanishes when it passes under the shadow of its own misdeeds. But how bright and cheering is that sunshine when conscience approves for victory over temptation, for acts of kindness or generosity towards others. When God smiles upon us, there is summer in the heart. It comes not because we sought it, but because we have been loyal to our better nature.

Looking at it from another standpoint, we find that happiness arises largely from a proper sense of *contentment*, and this is God's gift to those who have faith in Him and trust in Him. The greatness of one's blessings depends very largely upon his sense of appreciation,—upon his having a heart to enjoy life. He who loves home and the sweet voices of children, who is quick to see what is estimable in friend or acquaintance, whose eyes and ears are sensitive to the benign influences of nature, find his hours filled with joy and satisfaction however humble his circumstances. It requires more than the list of the assessor to tell us who in a community is poor and who is rich. As our great poet has said:

> "Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
> But riches fineless is as poor as winter.
> To him that ever fears he shall be poor."

If there be leanness in the soul, outward possessions are naught; but a cheerful heart that enjoys life's common blessings—ah! that is the best of God's earthly gifts to his beloved.

Let me note one other important source of happiness to prove that it does not result from any direct efforts to secure it. Happiness always comes in fullest measure to those who are absorbed in worthy work. There is a glow of spirit when our powers are put into freest exercise. There is a peculiar zest in life when we feel that we are accomplishing something. There is joy in seeing some unsightly thing disappear before our efforts and some fair creation arise in its place. Watch the brave pioneer, who settles in some remote unpeopled region. Great are his privations, but he delights to subdue the forest, battle with the wild beasts, drain the swamps and till the soil, that fair meadows and fruitful orchards may replace the former waste. God's first command to man was to subdue the earth, and there is joy in obeying it. But there are moral wastes from which the thorns and thistles are to be uprooted; there are spiritual deserts that are to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Life then seems most worth living when, forgetting self, our soul is in the work, and hands and feet and brain and heart are busy in its accomplishment.

There are in the Bible two illustrious examples of the truth we are considering. The great lesson of the life of Solomon is that happiness is not to be had by selfishly seeking it. He was "the grand monarch" of Jewish history. In power and riches and wisdom he excelled all other kings that ever reigned in Jerusalem; but in life and character he was a moral failure. Dean Stanley tells us that the ancient fathers of the church 'vex themselves with the question whether Solomon was among the saved or the lost." So frequently was the question discussed and so equally balanced did it seem that in the series of frescos on the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa Solomon is represented in the resurrection at the last day as looking ambiguously to the right and to the left, not knowing on which side his lot will be cast.

In the Book of Ecclesiastes, supposed to have been written by him in his old age, we have a graphic picture of the melancholy that comes at last to the selfish seeker after pleasure. It is the weary cry of pessimism which has arisen in all ages of the world from the soul that in the pursuit of happiness has been false to the high ideals of faith and love. Solomon tells us how he tried all the various means of happiness that his great wealth and power could command. With his thousand wives and concubines he tried mirth and music and wine; but it was vanity. He engaged in great works; he builded houses and planted vineyards; he gathered herds and flocks and silver and gold; but behold all was vanity and a striving after wind. He applied himself to study, and had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. But this also was vanity; for he found that in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

See now the companion picture. Turn to the life of Paul. Wealth and ease and worldly comfort were not his portion. His labors were abundant. He endured the perils of travel on sea and on land. He was persecuted by Jews and Gentiles. But *he* never felt that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Happiness is too tame a word to describe his mental experience. His soul rather glowed with a divine peace and

joy amid all his labors. He felt no want. He took pleasure in persecutions for Christ's sake. He loved his work, and found the highest joy in tireless activity. The happiness which Solomon strove for in vain came to Paul unsought and unexpected. So it comes always to the heroic, self denying soul.

II. Another of the ble sings of life that comes as God's gift to his beloved, rather than as the fruit of effort, is *the esteem of our fellowmen.* It is indeed a thing to be desired. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold." It is not always mere selfish pride that is gratified when we know that men think well of us. Open praise may be distasteful, because it is so near a relative of flattery. But indirect evidence that another thinks kindly of us is always welcome, and is at times one of the sweetest experiences of life. Love of approbation is a part of the divine enconomy by which human beings are joined in loving fellowship; for there can be no strong friendship which is not founded upon esteem. To love and to appreciate — does not the one always imply the other?

But if the esteem of men be so desirable, may we not strive for it? The skillful marksmen does not aim his arrow at the object he wishes to hit; he aims above it. If we are to secure the esteem of men we must not aim at it, but at something higher. When love of approbation becomes the chief motive of action, the foundations of all true manliness are undermined. Undue regard for the favorable opinion of others begets some of the most odious traits of character. It begets the hypocrite who assumes the virtues that he thinks his fellowmen will applaud. It begets the moral coward who complies with the false opinions and unworthy practices of others for fear of incurring their censure. "Take heed," says Christ, "that ye do not your righteousness before men to be seen of them." Even a good deed that is done to secure the approval of others is not without a blemish. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Think not of reputation, lay aside all motives of self-interest, do the act that is generous, perform the service that thy needy fellowman requireth of thee, endure bravely in the seclusion of thine own heart the sorrow that may come to thee, "and thy Father that seeth in secret shall recompense thee."

The reward comes to God's beloved while they sleep,—when they are not looking for it or thinking of it. Any reputation among men that is worth having must result from something of real value in character or attainment. To be truly esteemed, there must be within us that which is deserving of esteem. The men and women whom the world most delights to hon or did not seek the honor, but were intent upon accomplishing the mission on earth to which they were appointed The woman who poured the precious ointment on the Saviour's head little thought what commendation was to follow,—that the act would be spoken of for a memorial of her through all coming time. She was merely acting out the impulse of her grateful love. Mrs. Browning did not write her poems to secure undying fame. They have done this for her; but she wrote because her heart was full of song, because she had so keen a sense of human needs and so intense a sympathy with its sorrow, its passion and its longing. Florence Nightingale dreamed not of earthly glory when she hastened on her errand of mercy to the sick and wounded in the hospitals of the East. Livingstone did not undertake his perilous travels in the wilds of Africa and pursue them to the final sacrifice of life to gain celebrity among men and an honored tomb in Westminster Abbey, but to open the way for Christian truth and Christian civilization to reach the darkest regions of the earth. The renown came afterward.

The same law holds in the humblest walks of life. Those of our acquaintance whom we most esteem are not those who court our favor, but those who possess intrinsic worth, who are sincere, generous, affectionate, noble minded. No man achieves true glory by erecting his own mausoleum or by writing his own epitaph In vain do such rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of toil; but these things God gives to his be oved while they sleep.

III. I find one more illustration of the text in the fact that the *higher graces of character* are God's gift to his beloved and not matters of personal attainment. Moral excellence is surely man's highest good,—more to be desired than happiness or reputation,—but, like these, it is not to be had by grasping for it. We may be selfish and unwise even in our attempts after moral culture.

There have been in the world two methods of perfecting character; the method of the cloister and the method of active service in the world. In the former men try to get beyond the reach of temptation, and to avoid all contact with wickedness; they give their thoughts to devout contemplation, stimulate the religious emotions and aspire continually after holiness and purity of soul. The other method is to enter into the work of life with all earnestness and energy, even to the verge of self-forgetfulness; to discover first where one can do best service, and then to become absorbed in that service; to be more solicitous to discharge faithfully one's obligations to others than to look after the interests even of his own soul. This is the Christian method. What gives health and tone to the soul is to have its thoughts and affections and activities go forth to objects that are outside of itself. The heart grows and expands only when it cherishes broad sympathies; the brain becomes most vigorous when the thoughts are occupied with the great concerns of humanity. Identify yourself with the joys and sorrows, with the needs and aspirations and labors of your fellowmen and you will fulfil the law of the soul's well being and obtain true nobility of character.

There is danger in these days of our making too much of self culture. During the years of education the value and the need of culture is kept constantly

before us. We are taught to make the most of ourselves, to attain to the fullest development of our powers. But it is not simply for our own sake that we do this, but to become more efficient for service to others. If we forget this and pursue self culture as an end in itself, it becomes only a sort of refined selfishness. Christ has said "He that *loveth* his life shall lose it;" and love of life may consist not only in seeking our own ease and pleasure, but in striving even after perfection of character. Too assiduous attention to self culture defeats its own object. For if the soul is to attain to its highest excellence it must learn to look without and not within. It must seek not so much to *be* better as to *do* better.

In our aspirations after moral excellence and in our efforts to attain to our ideals of culture and of character we sometimes forget that there is individuality even in perfect character. There may be certain gifts and graces, which we admire in others and desire to possess, but which are not consonant with our natural temperament. The fervor of spirt which characterized George Herbert and Edward Payson it may not be possible for us to attain to. The tireless energy which overrides all obstacles and bends all weaker wills to its own may be incompatible with our physical or mental constitution. The gift of persuasive speech that sways the hearts of others and moulds their lives it may not be for us to enjoy. The apostle John had not the aggressive zeal of Peter, nor had Peter the spiritual insight of John. There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. One star differeth from another star in glory, though both are bright and beautiful.

Paul tells us to "covet earnestly the best gifts." And yet he adds, "show I unto you a more excellent way." What is that more excellent way? It is the way of *love* that the Apostle extols with such fervid eloquence in his first epistle to the Corinthians. Love God with all the heart; seek to do his will; take up unselfishly the little ministries of life one by one as they come to hand. This is better than to covet the speech of men and of angels, or the gift of prophecy, or the understanding of mysteries, or the faith that could remove mountains. These blessings he giveth his beloved while they sleep. Serve him lovingly; let the days and the years of life pass quietly along while we are doing faithfully our appointed tasks, and God, as it may please him, will bestow upon us those gifts and graces of character that are suited to our condition.

If these spiritual attainments come to us in sleep, they are likely to come to us unperceived. Growth in character, like physical growth, proceeds gradually and unconsciously in obedience to God's beneficent laws. The seed that is put into the ground does not forecast its future. In response to nature's genial warmth and moisture, its vital forces stir within it and it germinates and grows. Each organ performs its appointed work; its roots absorb the rich juices of the soil; its leaves drink in the dew and sunlight of heaven. At last, after months or years of quiet growth, without anticipation, it attains the end of its being and bursts into bloom So it is with the human soul that lives and acts in obedience to God's will. In his own good time it will bloom with a beauty and fragrance of its own.

And in this life it is not always well for the soul to know the grace and excellence of character which God may have granted. The sweetest and noblest spirits of earth seem ever unconscious of their worth. The most saintly in the history of the church are the ones who have grieved most over their imperfections. God may be doing for his children better things than they are aware of. The healthy soul stops not to reckon up its heavenly riches. It counts not itself yet to have apprehended: but forgetting the things which are behind and stretching forward to the things that are before, it presses on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Young ladies and gentlemen of the Senior Class: Need I assure you that in all that has been said on this occasion your future has been uppermost in our thoughts? After four years of most intimate and pleasant intercourse you are about to separate from us and from each other. It is for us, as for you, an occasion that awakens mingled feelings of sorrow and of joy;—of sorrow, for we shall miss your earnest faces in the class room, we shall miss your voices in the chapel-choir, we shall miss your pleasant companionship as we pass along the shady walks of the campus;—of joy, because we are proud that the old college can send such a goodly band of educated young men and women out into the great world to do honest service for truth and right and humanity. We have faith in you; we are sure that you will be brave and manly in the battle of life that is before you. We trust that success awaits you. We hope that the years before you will be full of peace and happiness such as comes from conscious integrity of character and from enthusiasm in life's work. We hope that you may be honored of your fellowmen and that in future days our Alma Mater may point with pride to illustrious names in the class of '95. We hope that you may attain to all that is best in manly and womanly character, so that your lives may be radiant with sweet and gracious influences.

And yet, after all, we exhort you not to seek after these glittering prizes. There is a far better way in life; there is a far higher ideal of Christian manhood. For the noblest human life is a life of self-forgetful service. Hear the weary cry of your brother men for help. Make yourselves felt in the struggles of the age for clearer light, for purer morals, for cleaner politics, for kindlier sympathies. Think not of happiness; strive not for reputation; be not anxious for self-improvement. Leave all these things to the care of your Heavenly Father; knowing that these are the blessings that he is pleased, at his own time and in his own way, to give to his beloved.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLLEGE Y. M. C. A.

This was observed Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at the Congregational church. Luther A. Brown, president of the association, presided. Rev. Dr. Chas. M. Mead, a professor in Hartford Theological seminary, and a member of the class of '56, and the speaker of the evening, Rev. Dr. J. E. Rankin, president of Howard University and a member of the class of '48, occupied seats on the platform with Mr. Brown. Prof. Mead assisted in the preliminary service and the music was the same as in the morning service. Pres. Brown introduced Dr. Rankin, who spoke upon the topic "Popular Education and Free Thought." The following is an abstract of his address:

Protestantism, which is the sign of free thought, is the religion of intelligence; yes, of the intelligent. According to it, the Bible is the effort of the Infinite Intelligence to communicate with the finite in inteliigible words, words which awaken thought as well as express thought. Protestants are people who do their own thinking, and let their thinking take them where it will. They are usually among the common people, as were the twelve apostles; though there was an exception, the man born out of due time, the man so common as to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and yet so uncommon as to do high thinking for all the ages—in chains. The very incarnation was consummated among the common people, in a household glad of quarters in a Bethlehem stable. This is God's way. He wanted a commander for the people, and He found Him in the form of a servant.

The religion of the Protestants is not vested in old cathedrals, great organs, inherited rituals, a stoled priesthood, but in a book, a book in the hands of the people. The Protestant is a Bible-in-hand Christian. Protestant? What does it mean? It the challenge of some departure from doctrine or usage because it is not in the book: "Who goes there?" "Where is it written?" Protestantism is a new combination on the earth—an authoritative book and an authoritative man interpreting it. It takes both to constitute the combination. Without the book there is no standard; without the man, no one to apply it.

It is a wonderful day when the reigning pontiff of the Catholic church in his encyclical letter says: "We have a long time cherished the desire to give a new impulse to the noble science of Holy Scripture." This man by the Tiber has heard the voice of the Master to St. Peter: "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep." Religion in a book demands intelligence. "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He?" This is before the advent of the great church councils. This book came from God. I, too, came from God. Let us try the book and the man together. Does it answer my wants? "Come, now, let us reason together", God and man; the divine reason and the human confronting one another. It is a book which enters into argument with every living son of man and asks him what he thinks.

We talk a great deal about the sacredness of man. What do we mean? Do we mean his anatomy? Well, even this is sacred. God's dwelling there makes it a shechinah. Do we mean man's right to be, eat bread, own property, first of all himself? Well, this is all sacred. But the central shechinah in man in his power of free thought; to choose between the two paths stretching respectively upward and downward. It is often said, "Free institutions have very little chance except through the intelligence of a free people." Anything has very little chance except through intelligence. Unintelligent freedom is like dynamite in the hands of a madman. Where will he put it? It was freedom in heaven that made hell. The devils are intelligent enough now. They do a vast deal of thinking. And it is thinking mingled with consternation. Protestantism is a gun that is always loaded and cannot be handled carelessly. If the people are not educated, keep the gun out of their hands, for you do not know at whose head it will be pointed. There is nothing more dangerous than freedom and ignorance. Protestantism teaches, not for the sake of informing, but to prepare a man to do his own thinking, the most dangerous thing ever done by man. The intellect is aristocratic; ignorance is fanatical. What this generation needs in social life and civil life, in industrial questions, in politics, is the authority which comes from high thinking. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; is like a boy with a colt—first, great speed, and then a smash up. To apply the Bible to conduct requires as much common-sense as to learn what it teaches. The Bible is a common-sense book, and it is addressed to common-sense people. All these modern problems have to be settled in a common sense way. The pope wants more study of the Bible. It shows his common sense. He is no more troubled because the world moves. He has discovered in his observatory at Rome that God is carrying forward a movement which is greater than any church movement of Catholicism. In that greater movement even Protestantism may be embraced. We bid him "All hail!" Let him help the world to popular education and free thought; we shall sometime come to see eye to eye. It is education or ecclesiastical tyranny. Men think right only as they know how to think. The Bible interpreted by man, made in God's image; this is the path of safety for the world.

ALUMNI DAY.

The associated alumni met in the college chapel at 10:30 Tuesday morning with a good number present. H. S. Perrigo, '70, of Potsdam, N. Y., occupied the chair and the minutes of last year's meeting were read and adopted.

The only other business done was the appointment of a committee on nominations who were to report Wednesday morning. This committee was as follows: Gen. F. G. Butterfield of Derby Line, class of '64; Prof. Walter E. Howard of Middlebury college, class of '71, and Prof. Chas. E. Hesselgrave of Sidney, N. Y., class of '93. The meeting was then adjourned, and at 11 o'clock the annual celebration of the associated alumni began.

After a selection by the orchestra, Rev. W. N. Bacon, '53, of Bridport, offered prayer; then, after a second selection by the orchestra, Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, '81, the orator of the occasion, and secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was introduced. Dr. Barton's subject was "The Ruling Force of the World—Moral Force." The following is an abstract of his address:

It has been customary to designate different ages in the history of man by characteristic names; so the latter half of this nineteenth century has been called the age of reason. If we mean by that an age when intellectual forces are wonderfully apparent, well; but if we mean an age when the ruling force is intellect, we cannot accept it. There are a variety of different forces which are acting in the world. First, there is that which we see in matter—this is the lowest form; second, that which appears in connection with plant life, one step above the preceding; third, the force that is manifest in animal life, which is a marked step in advance; fourth, intellectual force, and, lastly, spiritual or moral force, which is the supreme power. Within the spirit of man are found the higher forces which prompt his actions and inspire his life. Intellect may organize the State, but the spirit of man inspires to patriotism; the mind of man may rear magnificent cathedrals, but the spirit of man prompts to the act that it may worship there. It is the spirit of man, that loves that worship, that presides above the reason or intellect. The order is from spirit to intellect, not from intellect to spirit.

Every religion touches man upon his spiritual, ethical side and develops him there. The manifestations of ethical force in any particular society depend upon the capabilities of the religion of that society to call out and develop the force that is in humanity. The religion that has brought and is bringing humanity in to the best civilization is the one that is the most ethical and spiritual, and so one that is of the greatest force in the world.

Only religion can develop this moral force. Commerce can never do this; all history of all ages proclaims that it has never been known that a nation was civilized and its morality developed by trade alone. Internal development of a country cannot accomplish it. A railroad cannot exalt the moral life of a town in New England; neither can it of a State in Africa. Education cannot do it. There is no morality in pure intellect; it is cold and hard and spiritless. Horatio Seymour says: "Knowledge is not a specific for immorality and vice. The most dangerous criminals are the educated." Philosophy and art cannot accomplish it; they are soulless and dead and cannot reach the spirit life of man. Vain attempt! To touch the moral side of man moral means must be employed. To move upon the spirit of man spirit must act. The great non Christian religions in the world have failed to do much for humanity. They have utterly failed to develop and keep alive the spirit life of man and to rear a permanent moral society upon the ruins of distorted human life.

Religion is faith, and faith produces character. Christianity, in which spiritual and moral life center, is more than a mere belief; it is a faith that is a vital force. It is more than a creed; it is a reorganizing potency that brooks no rival in society or life.

In our institutions of learning, in our civic and national affairs, in our discussions regarding society and its reorganization, in our plans for reform of every kind we must leave a large place for the development of the spirit and the moral life of man, knowing well that this is the power that is regenerating and reforming the world.

It is no mean service to have part in the training of the body of man; it is a higher service to train intellects to grapple with thought until they become giants of masterly proportions. But it is a far higher and nobler service to have a part in the enlargement and development of the souls of men, to aid in the laying of the foundation of all that is highest and best in all civil, commercial, intellectual and social life, to develop a strong spiritual and moral manhood.

Farther down the programme came the poem by Frederick D. Mussey, '69. The poem was very well received, and it was almost unanimously voted the finest bit of literature, in its line, that has been listened to here for years. We have been urged by those who heard it to publish it in full.

AS YE ASK.

As the gifts of a bountiful mother
  The Earth sends her streams to the sea,
As to husband or lover or brother,
  Unreserved, open-handed and free.

From the fair, frozen North they are flashing,
  From ice fields of emerald and blue,
From pine-darkened cliffs they are dashing,
  Borne on to their destiny true.

From palm-waving hills they are leaping
  Led out by an all-guiding hand;
O'er the South's sunny plains they are sweeping
  In strong, steady flow through the land.

From regions of romance and glory,
  From places of dole and of dearth,
From birth-steads of song and of story,
  From the dim, distant bournes of the earth,

In the impulse of ardent endeavor—
  In accord with established decree,
Flows outward and onward forever
  The tribute of Earth to the sea.

Is this unreturned—unrequited?
For naught has the fair lesson stood?
Ah no, the rule regnant is plighted
To the balance of good unto good.

It is promised the beam shall lie level
With the gift and return in the scale—
That the law of the good and the evil,
The turn and return shall not fail.

And the sea from her infinite fountains
Sends her garnered mists landward again,
To hang in white wreaths on the mountains—
To hover o'er valley and plain—

To laugh down in glad summer showers—
To temper the sun's ardent glow—
To weave through the long winter hours
The soft, saving mantle of snow,

For the couch where the roses are sleeping,
And the violets in slumber have lain—
Where the cedars their grim guard are keeping
Till the springtime shall blossom again,

And the circle again be completed,
The plan be borne out as 'tis willed—
The story of life be repeated
And the love-law of Nature fulfilled.

The law for the high and the human—
The law for the green buds and small
Is the same—for the man and the woman—
There is only one law for them all.

It is ordained in plain dispensation
Both to pray and to answer to prayer,
And to give and receive compensation
In the plan of to share-and-to-share.

The breeze that revives the faint roses,
With largess of perfume goes on;
The arbutus the sunshine uncloses
Smiles up to the life-giving sun.

The hand clasp of brother to brother—
The heart-touch of lovers confessed—
The desire to the child of the mother
When she first feels its head on her breast.

* * * * * * *

Who asks not—the chambers are darkened
Where his soul sits in silence alone;
Who gives not—his ear never harkened
To the love-call of zone unto zone.

Who prays not, exists, but he lives not;
A blot and a discord is he.
Who asks not, receives not and gives not
Were better drowned in the sea.

Ah, the asking, receiving and giving
Is the soul of the life that we live,
All the beauty and sweetness of living
Is to ask, to receive and to give.

* * * * * * *

How pray we—in the gaze of all living,
With face raised and voice thrown afar?
Or kneeling with inward thanksgiving
That we are not as other men are?

How pray—by the family altar,
In the simple surroundings of home?
Or with music and song-burst and psalter
Swelling up to the far-arching dome?

It boots not—, men's souls He is reading
In cabin or church vast and dim;
'Tis the heart's silent prayer He is heeding,
Mere words are as nothing to Him.

Unless from the heart the mouth speaketh
It were best we sat silent and dumb;
To the ears of him only who seeketh
With true heart the answer shall come.

Ah, shifty pretender low-kneeling,
With thankless hands clasped o'er hard eyes
That never were moist with kind feeling,
Think you your words soar to the skies?

Such prayer is like loud voices calling
To an echo lost on the wide plain;
Like water jets rising and falling
To the earth and the fountain again.

We may not with attitudes flatter—
There are moments that every man sees
When the pose of the body's no matter,
On its knees is the soul, on its knees.

* * * * * * *

Better the calm philosophy
In the words of Farmer Brown,
As he halts his team at the furrow's end
And mops his heated crown:

I vow, that's tuggin' pretty tough,
Whoa, you old chaps, there, whoa;
I guess we'll stop and rest a spell;
It really seems as though

The farm grew stunnier every year.
I've broke two pints today;
I'm tempted every year I plow
To sell and go away

Out West, but as the summer comes
And the old hills get green,
And the rocks are covered up with grass,
And posies shine between,

And every thin's so beautiful
I change my mind, you see,
And say, I guess I'll keep the farm,
It's good enough for me.

I'm satisfied to walk the ways
My sire and grandsire trod,
To breathe the same rough mountain air
And till the same hard sod.

The same Lord made the whole great Earth
And He is everywhere;
It makes no difference where I be
He has me in His care.

Some says we should renounce the world
With all its hopes and fears;
That 'tis, at best, a dreary place
Of sighing and of tears.

But Jesus thought 'twas good enough
That on the cruel tree
He died for it, and so I guess
It's good enough for me.

And these same folks say God is bad,
A weak and cruel God;
That 'tis in anger, not in love,
He lays on us the rod.

And now I tremble when I think
That this I almost cried
Ten years ago come Tuesday night,
The night our Benny died.

The little dead face hardened me—
What had my baby done!
But I tried hard, and just made out
To say: Thy will be done.

God works in mystery and sometimes
'Tis hard the right to see;
But poor old sinner that I am,
He's good enough for me.

There's my two daughters, Ruth and Ann,
They don't wear new fal-lals,
And balloon sleeves and put on airs,
Like neighbor Jones's gals,

Nor wear their caps and coats like boys,
And kids and dimun rings,
They aint co eds, and don't ride wheels,
And all them sort of things;

But they're obedient, loving ones,
Brown birds that work all day,
And yet can sing when evening comes
And join in fun and play.

And John don't run to cigarettes
Nor football hair, not he;
A steady, honest boy, and so
He's good enough for me.

And when life seems a stormy sea
And I a hop-less waif,
I've just to think of my old wife
And I feel kinder safe;

Just as the Roman Catholics
I think must always feel
When they cry out to saints or to
The Virgin Mary kneel.

For it seems as though her soul 'tween me
And God in Paradise
Must make even sins like mine seem somewhat
Dimmer in His eyes.

And yet she's neither young nor handsome
As she used to be;
But, bless her pure and peaceful face,
She's good enough for me.

And discontent is wicked,
For whatever can it be
But saying what my God has made
Ain't good enough for me.

Such words are impious; who are we
That we should dare to say
'This thing is wrong', as if we could
Have shown a better way?

Well, moralizing here may serve
To keep a fellow sound,
But 'twont help on the spring's work
Nor plow this stunny ground;

Get up, you chaps, you're getting old
And lazy, too, I see;
But I am, too, and so I guess
You're good enough for me.

What we pray for, what we ask, in every clime and land
Is the true test of what we are, of nation and of man;
For as we ask so are we; the tongue the heart betrays
When in sincere petition our voice in prayer we raise.
"Ask and ye shall receive," that is the promise plain,
A promise kept—for weal or woe for pleasure or for pain.
The prayer may be unuttered, and unspoken the desire
That dominates the eager heart and sets the soul on fire,
And moulds all life's endeavors into a living plea,
But sometime and in some way the prayer shall answered be,

* * * * * * *

Prayer never was unanswered, though unto you and me
The answer come in unknown guise, or clothed in mystery.
For in man's life the fruits of prayer shall find effect and place
As surely as life's cares shall draw their lines upon his face.
As with the individual, so it is with the state;
The ruling passion stamps itself upon her soon or late
And shapes the plan and guides the hand and builds the arch of fame,
And writes the story of her glory, her honor or her shame.

In tale and verse we oft are told the story of the past,
And know by what the nations live in history to the last,
The gods their brains gave birth to, the creatures of their thought,
The earth-born gods to whom they prayed, from whom they favors sought.

* * * * * * *

"Give me beauty," cried the Greek, standing elate and fair—
Fillet-bound or chaplet-crowned his clustering, scented hair.
And beauty was the Greek's; the earth grew fair at his command,
Glowed with the blissful love-light the sky, the sea, the land,
Vibrant and vocal to his sense the sunshine and the breeze,
And dreams of beauty imaged in carved capital and frieze;
Peoples with forms of living grace each fountain, grove and stream,
In lanes of light, through vistas bright the sunny marbles gleam.
Sweet sounds the lyre, soft swells the flute, gaily the chorus rings,
With waving wreaths and glancing feet the naiads sway and swing.
Oh! hearts of fire, souls that aspire beyond the bound and mean,
Oh! golden tongues of Hellas, thy prayer has answered been.
Seek now the Greek and find him not; even his gods are flown,
A fallen arch—a mossy stone—a column overthrown.

* * * * * * *

For wealth unto his grim, dark gods the swart Egyptian prayed,
And wealth was his, for him the earth was under tribute laid;
And Egypt blazed and glittered in garments purple dyed,
Dusk queen of earth, in awful state, low-browed and sombre-eyed.
A thousand ships her harbors throng, a thousand on the seas,
And through her marts earth's traffic roars, earth bides her stern decrees;
On earth, on land, in charnel mines, her myriad bondsmen teem.
Her golden domes and palaces along her river gleam,
And by her priests the godhead bared, the mysteries divine—
In rock-hewn depths her kings, embalmed, defiance bid to time.
Seek Egypt now and find her—a memory, vast and dread—
Bat-haunted sleep—a tomb despoiled—silence and dreamless dead.

* * * * * * *

"Give me power", the Roman prayed, and power was given him,
From furthest span of India's strand to Albion's headlands dim,
And all the nations of the earth prostrate before her lay—
Rome, throned upon her hills to stand forever and for aye—
Imperial and eternal, all conquering and divine—
Ah, well thy world-god heeds thy prayer, for all the world is thine.
Thy eagles mark earth's boundaries, its centre, Cæsar's home;
Thy code, thy law, the only law, for all the world is Rome.
Where now the Roman eagles, the laurels and the bays?
A roofless fane—a vanished tale of earth's heroic days.

* * * * * * *

"Jehovah, one, invisible! Thou who alone can give,
Calm Soul of All Things, give me Truth, that I may know and live."
So prayed the Hebrew, for the truth, and it was even so;
His God eternal heard his prayer—the truth was his to know.
Scattered o'er earth his people are, his nation passed away,
Yet, as in the hoariest days of eld, the Hebrew lives today.

* * * * * * *

From the modern Solomon wisdom flows that the ancient fountains filled;
Our little Pharaohs juggle coin and ornate tomblets build,
And the mighty conqueror lives again in the fowler after quail,
Or winning a knot for a buttonhole or an eye from a peacock's tail.
The latter-day Phidias boasts himself in a replica of the Antique,
And the poet studies the lofty verse of the Roman and the Greek;
And the wise man ruminates deeply and thinks—as Plato thinks;
And the Yankee tourist his donkey sits and ogles the awful Sphinx.
So says the pessimist, whose gaze the present good cannot descry,
Nor evil things in the past that shines unblemished to his eye;
Blind to the progress of the stars and the truths that make and save—
If the day of pyramids be past, so also is that of the slave.
Shall we mourn for the megatherium or for the mastodon wail,
Or sigh for the vanished glory of the pterodactyl's tail?

Ah, better for him who prays for peace, for peace and sweet content,
And happiness not of circumstance, but born in the human breast.
True happiness is from the heart within and not from things outside,
And the joy that fills the eager soul is happiness at high tide.

And mind we well the sweetest words the poet's lips let fall:
"He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small."
And life is long to those who weep, till the angel of death and rest
Draws down with cool, soft arms the tired head to her breast,
And o'er the eyes, world-weary, the soothing shadows creep,
And, true, the blessed promise comes, "He giveth his beloved—sleep."

After certain announcements by T. M. Chapman, the marshal, the audience was dismissed.

THE ALUMNI DINNER.

The alumni and their friends had their usual dinner at the Addison House at 2 o'clock. There were few vacant seats at the long tables. Grace was said by

Rev. C. N. Thomas of New Haven, class of '61. The dinner was everything that could have been asked in variety and quality, and the service was prompt.

The after dinner speakers were President Brainerd, who welcomed the graduates and spoke of the Starr and other recent gifts; Prof. Brainerd Kellogg of Brooklyn, who contrasted the college life of his day with that of the present, and suggested that the college could use even more money to advantage; Rev. Dr. Barton, the orator, who commended the quality of the work done at Middlebury; Mr. Mussey, the poet, who told a lot of good stories; Prof Howard, who thought the product of Vermont's schools and colleges fully equal in value to the country to the products of so-called manufacturing States, and Rev. G. M. Rowland, class of '83, lately home from 10 years of missionary work in Japan, who told of the Japanese feeling regarding the recent war with China.

THE FACULTY TEA.

This gathering of visitors and townspeople at Prof McGilton's residence on Court street from 5:30 to 7 o'clock Tuesday afternoon was a very enjoyable affair. The house was prettily decorated with roses and ferns. Mrs. McGilton, Mrs. Seely and Mrs. Bryant received the numerous guests. Fine refreshments were served.

THE PRIZE SPEAKING.

The speaking by members of the Freshman class for the Parker and of the Sophomore class for the Merrill prizes, in the Congregational church at 8 o'clock, drew out an audience limited in size only by the capacity of the house. Reille's orchestra furnished the music. Prof. Wright announced the speakers. The judges were Rev. Dr. Charles M. Mead of Hartford, Conn.; Rev. George F. Merriam of Greenville, N. H, and Gen. F. G. Butterfield of Derby Line. The programme follows:

PARKER PRIZE SPEAKING.

Music.
"The Bell of St. Johns," — Anonymous.
Charles H. Jordan, Proctor.
"The Puritan Divines," — Paxton.
Hiram E. Sessions, East Middlebury.
"The Fall of Pemberton Mill," — Phelps.
William B. Richmond, Moriah, N. Y.
"Music on the Rappahannock," — Bell.
Theodore D. Wells, Middlebury.
Music.

MERRILL PRIZE SPEAKING.

"Willie Baird," — Robert Buchanan.
Elmer G. Bridgham, Minot, Me.
"Parrhasius and the Captive," — N. P. Willis.
Luther A. Brown, Galway, N. Y.
"The Old Man and Jim," — J. W. Riley.
John A. Cadwell, Jr., New Haven.
"A Vision of the Past," — R. J. Ingersoll.
Benjamin L. Haydon, Heuvelton, N. Y.
Music.
"Aux Italiens," — Owen Meredith.
Charles P. Kimball, Middlebury.
"How Salvator Won," — Wilcox.
Arthur C. Parkhurst, Templeton, Mass.
"The Wounded Soldier," — Anonymous.
Arthur Piper, Sacramento, Cal.
"The Future of the Republic," — Curtis.
Marcus D. Whitney, Granville, N Y.
Music.
Mr. Kimball was excused on account of illness.

The prizes were awarded thus: First Parker ($24) to C. L. Jordan; second ($12) to W. B. Richmond; first Merrill ($30) to J. A. Cadwell, Jr.; second ($25) to L. A. Brown; third ($20) to Arthur Piper; fourth ($15) to M. D. Whitney. The committee consumed 20 minutes or more in arriving at a decision. The audience called loudly for Mr. H. G. Hawn of Brooklyn, the instructor in elocution, who gave three recitations to the great pleasure of his hearers.

COMMENCEMENT DAY—THE ALUMNI MEETING.

The annual meeting of the alumni association was held at the chapel at 8:30 Wednesday morning. The report of the nominating committee appointed Tuesday was presented and adopted as follows: President, Rev George R W. Scott, '64; vice presidents, Rev. E. J. Ranslow, '65, and Samuel Sheldon, '83; secretary, Prof. T. E. Boyce, '76; central committee, T. E. Boyce Milton A. Brooks, '81, and W. H. Button, '90; necrological committee, Rev. A. Wild, '57, Prof. Boyce and Prof. W. W. Eaton; orator, Sidney A. Griffin, '70; alternate, Charles F. Stone, '69; poet, William W. Gay, '76; alternate, James Clarence Harvey, '81. Gen. Butterfield of Derby Line was elected chairman of a provisional committee to provide for the erection of a memorial monument to the sons of Middlebury college who enlisted in the war of the rebellion, with power to add such names as he thought best and report next year. Later it was suggested that it would be a good plan to build a memorial library and have it ready to be dedicated in 1900, when the college will celebrate the 100th anniversary of its foundation. This committee was elected to make preliminary arrangements for the centennial celebration in 1900: President Brainerd, Prof. Walter E. Howard, '71, Prof. Charles M. Mead, '56, John W. Stewart, '46, and W. H. Button, '90. It was thought best to have the members of the committee all residents of Middlebury, or easily accessible.

THE PROCESSION.

At the close of the alumni meeting the procession formed in front of the chapel, under the direction of Thad. M. Chapman, marshal, for the march down to the Congregational church, where the graduating exercises were held. It was headed by the Middlebury cornet band, after whom came the undergraduates, both men and women, then the alumni, and, lastly, the faculty and corporation.

On arriving at the church the undergraduates and alumni opened ranks and allowed the members of the corporation and faculty to pass through and thus first enter the church, in which seats had been reserved for the whole procession.

THE GRADUATING EXERCISES.

The church was packed long before 10:30 o'clock, the hour set for the commencement exercises to begin. People began coming into town early in the morning, and the streets were full of them when the church doors opened.

Seated on the platform at the left of President Brainerd were ex Gov. J. W. Stewart and Hon. L. D.

Eldredge of Middlebury, Prof. Brainerd Kellogg of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. C. N. Thomas of New Haven, Dr. W. S. Smart of Brandon, E. H. Phelps of Fair Haven, C. M. Wilds, Esq., and Judge Slade of Middlebury and George M. Wright, Esq., of New York—all members of the corporation; Rev. Dr. G. N. Boardman of Pittsford, President J. E. Rankin of Howard University, Washington, D. C.; Rev. F. W. Olmsted of Burlington, Rev. Dr. J. L. Barton of Boston and Dr. H. S. Boardman of Montpelier. On the president's left were the members of the faculty—Profs. Seely, Eaton, Howard, Wright, McGilton, Boyce, Sanford, Henckels, Bryant and Hawn—and the marshal. The orchestra of Doring's band of Troy, N. Y., was stationed in the gallery, and furnished the music. The programme follows:

Prayer.

Overture—Orpheus. Offenbach.

Oration, with Salutatory Addresses,
The Scientist as a Man of Faith.
Charles Albertus Adams, Arlington.

*Oration, The Student and his Fellows.
George Charles Douglass, Norwood, N. Y.

Scientific Essay, Tennyson's Social Ideals.
Ida May Breckenridge, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Oration, An Educational Forum.
Earl Livingstone Cushman, Middlebury.

Essay, Idealism.
Bertha Brainerd, Middlebury.

*Oration, An Ideal Professor.
Walter Scott Grant, Cuyahoga Falls, O.

Oration, The American Idea in Practice.
William Henry Eldridge, East Middlebury.

Oration, The Revolution in Theology.
Charles Leslie Leonard, Ripton.

Descriptive Fantasia—A Showman's Dream. Herman.

Essay, Scottish Humor.
Mary Elizabeth Merriam, Greenville, N. H.

Oration, The Humility of Thought.
Eben Joel Fullam, Ludlow.

*Oration, "The Chill of Disenchantment."
Bertram Edwin Marshall, Middlebury.

Literary Essay, Old Age as Pictured in Literature.
Kate Eliza Palmer, Weybridge.

Oration, The Poet as Interpreter.
George Dow Scott, Brookline, Mass.

*Oration, A Forgotten Reformer.
Charles Leffingwell Ross, Poultney.

Literary Essay, The American Girl.
Eleanor Sybil Ross, Rutland.

Oration, Isaac and I.
Lockwood Matthews Seely, Middlebury.

Selection—May Pole Dance. Sidney Smith.

*Oration, The Power of Knowledge.
Richard Orlando Wooster, Rutland.

Literary Essay, Lowly Life in Letters.
Cora May Rogers, Chester.

Philosophical Oration, A Standard of Criticism.
Hedley Albert Vicker, Johnstown, N. Y.

*Essay, The Pulpit of the Future.
Mary Lillian Heath, Rutland.

Philosophical Essay, The Company of Self.
Blanche Avaline Verder, Rutland.

Oration, National Heroes.
George Samuel Wright, Weybridge.

*Essay, The Coming Power.
Harriet Hopkins Steele, Norfolk, Neb.

Oration, with Valedictory Address, The Time Element.
John Barlow, Peru, Mass.

March—Honey Moon. Rosey.

Conferring of Degrees and announcement of Honors.
Benediction.

*Excused at their own request.

President Brainerd made the opening prayer.

The essays and orations, though necessarily brief in order that so many of the class might appear, were all good and some of them notably bright. They were without exception well spoken. Mr. Barlow's valedictory addresses were singularly felicitous in matter and manner.

The members of the graduating class went upon the stage and received their degrees from Judge Slade, secretary of the corporation. Misses Palmer, Rogers and Verder and Messrs. Adams, Barlow, Douglass, Leonard and Scott received the degree of bachelor of science and the remainder of the class that of bachelor of arts. The degree of master of arts was conferred upon Miss Ritchie and Harry E. Wells of the class of '94. Honorary degrees were conferred as follows: D. D. on Rev. P. S. Pratt of Dorset and LL. D. on Rev. Edward H. Merrill of Ripon, Wis., ex-president of Ripon college.

Honors and prizes were announced as follows: Highest honors in natural history, John Barlow; second year highest honors in Latin, Cora M. Rogers; Sophomore Latin prize, Marion E. Dunbar of Island Pond; first Freshman Latin prize, Walter B. Dunton of Rutland; second Freshman Latin prize, James A. Lobban of Milton, Mass.

President Brainerd pronounced the benediction.

THE CORPORATION DINNER.

The corporation dinner at the Addison House at 2 o'clock was very fully attended.

The after-dinner speakers were Rev. Dr. Rankin of Washington, D. C.; Prof. Seely, Rev. G. R. W. Scott of Brookline, Mass.; Prof. C. M. Mead of Hartford, Conn.; Hon. J. W. Stewart, Rev. G. F. Merriam of Greenville, N. H., and Mr. Leonard of the graduating class. Prof. Seeley, whose resignation of the professorship of natural science, after 36 years of service, President Brainerd announced in calling him up, was greeted with loud applause as he arose. He said he had often wished of late, as he looked upon the portraits in the chapel of the eminent men who guided the destinies of the college in the old days, that he might tell them of the bright day that had dawned upon the institution. He had always believed in the future of Middlebury, and that belief was now stronger than ever. The light we see is not the full light of the day that is breaking upon her, but only the first glimmerings of it. It might never become a university, but everything foretold that at no distant date it would be a fully-equipped college. Men may come and men may go, but the college will on forever.

Mr. Stewart, called up as the senior member of the corporation, said that he might be the oldest in years, but in no other respect whatsoever. The ends of education are clear ideas and wis action. The last surely results from possession of the first. The world never needed educated men of this sort, and more of them, to a greater degree than it does today. It is an era of cranks, whose crazy notions come from superficial education or no education at all. The education afforded at Middlebury is the old fashioned New

England kind. The college does not produce specialists, but men and women who can think correctly and will act as they think. The faculty are well fitted to bestow this kind of education and to impress their personality upon the students; for, after all, it is personality rather than doctrines, creeds and facts that is valuable.

THE CONCERT.

The commencement concert was given at the Congregational church at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening. There was a large attendance, and the performance was of a fair quality. Miss Gertrude Edmands of Boston was the contralto soloist and the other singers were the Albion quartet of the same city, one of whose members, George H. Remele, is a graduate of the college. Mrs G. D. Miner was the accompanist.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

President Brainerd, assisted by Mrs. G. R. W. Scott. of Brookline, Mass.; his sister, Miss Addie Brainerd of Worcester, Mass., and Miss Alice Rockwell, received the visitors in town and townspeople at his home from 8 to 11 o'clock Wednesday evening. It was a pleasant and largely attended affair.

THE HOP.

Last, but not least in the estimation of the younger element, came the hop at the town hall Wednesday night. Doring's band orchestra provided the music and supper was had at the Addison House. It was a successful event in every respect.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

To the regret of the student body Prof. H. M. Seely, who has been connected with the college for thirty-six years, and Prof. Thos. E. Boyce, who has been at Middlebury as a student and instructor much of the time since 1872, have handed in their resignations. They were accepted by the corporation, and Prof. Seely's chair of Natural Science has been filled by the election of Prof. E. A. Burt, a graduate of Harvard. Prof. Burt has been engaged in teaching at Albany for eleven years, part of the time as instructor in Science at the Boys' academy and part as a teacher in the Albany State Normal school. Prof. Bryant, who for a short time has occupied the chair of Physics and Higher Mathematics, was made professor of Mathematics as successor to Prof. Boyce.

The corporation now consists of the following members: Ezra Brainerd, ex officio President, Middlebury; Hon. John W. Stewart, LL. D., Middlebury; James B. Jermain, A. B., Albany, N. Y.; Hon. William W. Walker, A. M, Ludlow; Rufus Wainwright, Esq, A. M., Middlebury; Hon. Loyal D. Eldredge, A. M., Middlebury; Hon. Joseph Battell, A. M., Middlebury; Gen. James M. Warner, A. M., Albany, N. Y.; Prof. Brainerd Kellogg, LL. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hon. David K. Simonds, Manchester; Rev. Chandler N. Thomas, New Haven; Rev. William S. Smart, D. D., Brandon; Erastus H. Phelps, Esq., A. M., Fair Haven; Charles M. Wilds, Esq., A. B., Middlebury; Hon. James M. Slade, A. M, Middlebury; Hon. John A. Mead. M. D., Rutland; Henry N. Vail, Esq., A. B., New York City; Hon E. B. Sherman, LL. D., Chicago, Ill.; Ezra J. Warner, A. B., Chicago, Ill.; John G. McIntire, A. B., Potsdam, N. Y.; George M. Wright, LL. D., New York City; Rev. James L. Barton, D. D., Boston, Mass

THE DELTA UPSILON BOAT RIDE.

The annual ride of the D. U. fraternity, which occurred Saturday, June 22, was the most successful ever taken A special train carried twenty-one of the brothers with ladies to Addison Junction. Teams transferred the party to Baldwin's landing on Lake George, where the steamer "Locust" was awaiting them. The ride through the lake was most delightful. The beauties of Lake George are too well known to need description. Dinner was served at the "Sagamore," after which a most delightful hour was spent about the beautiful grounds connected with the hotel. On the return trip a visit was paid "Paradise Bay." Supper was taken at the "Burleigh House" in Ticonderga. Throughout the day college and fraternity songs added to the interest of the occasion, while the mountains were awakened by the frequent echoes of D U, Delta U, Delta Upsilon!

CHI PSI BOAT RIDE.

On Saturday, June 22, the Chi Psi fraternity with ladies, making a number of about 25, boarded the morning train for Burlington on their annual boat ride. After dinner at the Van Ness the part took the steamer Marquita going north on Lake Champlain. They arrived at Port Kent in time for supper and came back to Burlington in the evening in time for the southbound express train. The trip was much the same as the one taken last year, as the last year's trip was so much enjoyed, and we think this one was no exception The day was a fine one, although at one time in the morning the weather looked threatening.

THE DEKE RIDE.

The Deke ride was a very enjoyable affair. Besides the members of the chapter, several of the alumni and three Dekes from Yale were present. The route was from Middlebury to Vergennes; then taking the "Little Nellie" we steamed up to Port Douglass; from here two barges took the party to Ausable Chasm, where dinner awaited us. After doing the chasm the start homeward was made by the same route. Although the chapter has taken this trip twice, it seems to lose nothing from repetition.

PI BETA PHI TEA.

In place of the alumni reception, a tea was given on Tuesday afternoon to Vermont Alpha of Pi Beta Phi, by one of their patronesses, Mrs. John Stewart. The members of the chapter with a few invited guests were present.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The following were among the alumni who were in Middlebury during commencement week: Wm. Slade, '36, Cleveland, Ohio; F. W. Olmstead, '38, Burling-

ton, Vt.; Orlando Wooster, '44, Rutland, Vt.; G. N. Boardman, '47, Pittsford, Vt.; J. E. Rankin, '48, Washington, D. C.; L. D. Ross, '52, Poultney, Vt.; C. M. Mead, '56, Hartford, Conn.; A. W. Wild, '57, Elizabethtown, N. Y.; C. N.; Thomas, '61, New Haven, Vt.; E. H. Phelps, '61 Fair Haven, Vt.; C. E. Abell, '61, Orwell, Vt.; D. K. Simonds, '62, Manchester, Vt.; F. G. Butterfield, '63, Derby Line, Vt.; G. R. W. Scott, '64, Brookline, Mass.; David N. Burke, '67, New York; H. S. Perrigo, '70, Potsdam, N. Y.; T. P. D. Matthews, '70, Cornwall, Vt.; G. H. Remelee, '72, Boston, Mass.; G. M. Wright, '74, New York City; H. S. Boardman, '74, Montpelier, Vt.; F. G. Swinington, '75, Rutland, Vt.; J. W. Abernethy, '76, Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. M. Weld, '77, New Haven, Vt.; F. A. Walker, '82, Ludlow, Vt.; H. P. Powers, '82, Proctor, Vt.; G. M. Rowland, '83, Kobe, Japan; Samuel Sheldon, '83, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. L. Bailey, '86, Middletown Springs, Vt.; E. D. Howe, '87, Valatie, N. Y.; R. M. Collins, '89, Washington, D. C.; E. B. Clift, '90, Oakfield, N. Y.; E. W. Benedict, '91, Willsborough, N. Y.; P. G. Ross, '93, Poultney, Vt.; B. C. Miner, '93, Essex, N. Y.; W. J. Douglas, '93, Williamsport, Pa.; L. Taylor, '93, New York; E. R. Brown, '93, Newark, N. J.; C. E. Hesselgrave and Mrs. Susan (Wilder) Hesselgrave, '93, Sidney, N. Y.; C. B. Toleman, '94, Little Britian, N. Y.; Abbie L. King, '94, Tyson, Vt.; Bertha E. Ranslow, '94, Swanton, Vt.; Annie L. Ritchie, '94, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

'39. T. K. Wright, in correspondence with the UNDERGRADUATE, says there are now only five remaining members of his class. These are Gray of St. Louis, Evarts of Virden, Ill., Reynolds of Green Bay, Wis., Bradshaw of Ann Arbor and Mr. Wright himself. Their average age is 81 years.

'69. President R. C. Flagg of Ripon college preached in the First Congregational church, Minneapolis, May 19. President Flagg was on his way home from a visit to Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

'69–'71. The Delta U's of Minnesota, embracing the Minnesota alumni chapter and the chapter in the University of Minnesota, held their annual reunion and banquet in the rooms of the St. Paul Commercial club on Tuesday evening, May 7. On that occasion H. S. Baker, '69, principal of the Jefferson school, St. Paul, and Dean C. W. Hall, '71, responded to toasts.

'90. B. W. Norton was admitted to the bar of Illinois May 22, 1895.

PIANO RECITAL.

The pupils of Miss Mary C. Roscoe, assisted by others, gave a recital in the rooms of the Delta Upsilon fraternity Monday evening, June 24. The members of the fraternity with ladies, parents and friends of the pupils were present. The following programme was very pleasingly rendered:

Redowa, Mason.
Bessie Thomas and Joseph Calhoun.

Little Waltz, from Foundation Studies, Emery.
Nellie Calhoun.

a Menuet, Bach.
b Musette aus Armida, Gluck.
Bessie Thomas.

Duet, Selected.
Mrs. Barton and Miss Roseman.

The Merry Coaching Party, Klein.
Joseph Calhoun.

Duet for Teacher und Pupil, Diabelli.
Harley Bean and Miss Roscoe.

a Meditation, C. Chenery.
b Entreaty, Carl Bohm.
Mr. Roscoe.

a Valses Nobles, Schubert.
b La Tremolo, Rosellen.
Miss Davenon.

Duets from Instruction Book,
Alice Miner and Miss Roscoe.

The Maiden's Wish, Chopin.
Miss Roseman.

Recitation—The Maiden Martyrs, Anon.
Miss Thomas.

Duet for Teacher and Pupil, Diabelli.
Nellie Calhoun and Miss Roscoe.

a Mazurka, Chopin.
b Polonaise in C Minor, Chopin.
Mrs. Stewart.

The Land of the Swallows, Masini.
Miss Roseman and Mr. Roscoe.

THE HEROES OF THE UNION.

[J. E. RANKIN, D.D., LL.D., IN THE INDEPENDENT]

In some respects, I have as much pride in the Confederate as in the Union soldier; in Stonewall Jackson, as in Sheridan. Let us agree that, in what is popularly called heroism, they were alike and equal. They were of the same race, in a sense the products of the same institutions; the great conquerors of modern days. To stand up unflinchingly against a storm of fiery missiles, to keep unbroken ranks, when the hot shells were exploding over their heads; to sweep up an embankment, ridged with red mouthed cannon; to move stealthily upon the enemy's encampment and take it by surprise; to endure hardness in camp and field; to do all these things the blue and the gray were alike adequate. At first the gray had this advantage; they knew the use of firearms; they were accustomed to rough it, on horseback. Many of the Union soldiers had never fired a gun.

But in respect to the timber of which heroic souls are made, the Union soldier had this advantage. He was entirely and ideally unselfish in his devotion. He had given up home, loved ones, prospects; he was ready to sacrifice his life for the life of his native land. He knew what constituted his native land. It was what Washington and Hamilton, Adams and Jefferson saw coming forth from the throes of the American Revolution. It was the sublime creation, which we call America; that political possibility for which prophets and martyrs had been longing through the ages; in which the hopes of humanity the world over were invested, the Union which Mr. Webster had glorified. The Confederate soldier mistakenly believed his State and sacred rights were being invaded. He had no larger horizon than that. The Union soldier had studied English and American history; and he knew where the battle of Bull Run and Gettysburgh, of

Shiloh and Appomattox connected with those fought by our ancestors in England. The thinking bayonet will always conquer. Let it be that the two conflicting armies were equally sincere, equally brave—why should not an American say so?—yet here is a source of power which belonged only to the men who felt that they were filling up that which was behind for humanity in the work of Hampden and Milton and Cromwell in the mother countiy, and of the continental fathers in our native land.

Think of this fact: At the end of the Civil war, ninety five graduates of Cambridge University had fallen. Here New England's choicest, say, if you please, most pampered and favored young men proverbially gather. And this is their record. The humble but no less heroic Oberlin was there in full force. One of her professors raised a regiment. So, to a good degree, of the other colleges in the North and the West. Athens herself never had an army more intelligent. As to the issue of the struggle, as to what it meant to the Anglo-Saxon race alone, to the human race there was a quick apprehension. Never were there soldiers more elastic, more versatile, more enterprising, more capable, than the soldiers of the Union army. It was true, as President Lincoln said: "There is not a regiment of them, which might not furnish brains enough to run this government." Yes, it was the belief of the Union forces, that the cause of man's freedom, the world over, and for all time. was at stake, and was intrusted to their keeping, that inspired them. The old battle cries of freedom were ringing in their ears. The hands of martyrs and says were beckonirg them on. They were marching in that good fellowship. They were surmounting the last summits, where the Canaan of humanity's desire would lie lovingly beneath them. This is what made such men as Charles Ru sell Lowell and Robert Gould Shaw, and gave them heroes' graves. And where are they now? Let the poet Lowell answer:

"I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows, that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back.
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!"

This is what the unknown poet meant in that weird war-lyric of John Brown:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on!"

Warren can never die. Ellsworth can never die. In their nation's life they have immortality. It is the immortality of which George Eliot sings; the immortality of living in the lives of others till time shall be no more. Their souls are marching on. Every year, as it unfolds the grandeur of this nation, but emphasizes what these men did, when they died. And when Independence Day comes, their names, linked with the names of the heroic dead of the War of the Revolution, are like ointment poured forth; are wafted to the sky in song, go westward and southward till the whole nation feels how good it is to die that a country may live; that all the future may feel the pulse of a new life; especially that youth may be inspired to heroic deeds.

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CARROLL S. PAGE.

Hyde Park, Vt., Jan. 1, 1894.

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